

*The Historie*

The very bottome and the soule of hope,  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuersion,  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what is to come in,  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Per.* A randeuous, a home to flie vnto  
If that the Diuel and mischance looke big  
Vpon the maidenhead of our affaires.

*Wer.* But yet I would your father had bin heere:  
The quality and haire of our attempt  
Brookes no deuision, it will be thought  
By some that know not why he is away,  
That wise dome, loialty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the Earle from hence,  
And thinke how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For wel you know we of the offering side  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop al sight-holes euery loope from whence  
The eie of reason may prie in vpon vs,  
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtain  
That shewes the ignorant a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Per.* You straine too far.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise.  
Then if the Earle were here, for men must thinke  
If we without his helpe can make a head  
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe  
We shal oreturne it to pisseturay down,  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioints are whole.

*Doug.* As hart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this tearme of feare,

*Enter sir Re: Vernon.*

*Per.*

*of Henrie the f*

*Per.* My cosen Vernon, welcom  
*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth  
The Earle of Westmerland seuen th  
Is marching hetherwards, with him

*Per.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further I haue learnd,  
The King himselfe in person is set for  
Or hetherwards intended speedily  
With strong and mighty preparation

*Hot.* He shal be welcome too: whe  
The nimble footed madcap prince of  
And his Cumrades that dast the worl  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht al in Armes:  
All plumde like Estridges that with  
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath  
Glittering in golden coates like imag  
As ful of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midso  
Wanton as youthful goates, wild as y  
I saw yong Harry with his beuer on,  
His cushes on his thighs gallantly ar  
Rise from the ground like feathered  
And vaulted with such ease into his  
As if an Angel drop down from the  
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble hor

*Hot.* No more, no more, worse then  
This praise doth nourish agues, let th  
They come like sacrifices in their tri  
And to the fire-eyd maide of smoky  
Al hot and bleeding will we offer th  
The mailed Mars shal on his altars  
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fir  
To heare this rich reprimall is so nigh  
And yet not ours: Come let me cast  
Who is to beare me like a thunderb  
Against the bosome of the Prince of